

THEIR BEST PEOPLE

By LAWRENCE DEVINE.
Linfield meant to buy the old house in that remote Mississippi county. He held the option, and Colonel Jarrett had courteously left him in charge for two weeks while he went to New Orleans to sell his tobacco. Linfield was tired of city life; he wanted a good soil for the crops he intended to plant, with hunting for his leisure hours, and enough atmosphere to make his next novel readable. Besides, his people came from the south.

Then there was the girl—a shy, wondering girl of about twenty years, who took her bounds out walking every day past Linfield's gate. Linfield had been set upon once by Tiger, and the girl's apologies opened the way for an introduction. Linfield learned that her name was Mary Gates, and that her father, the major, and three brothers, lived in the big house a mile away, among the cotton-pickers' cabins.

Once, while they were talking, one of the brothers rode by, and at the sight of him the girl turned swiftly aside, as though she had not spoken to Linfield, yet, as the man rode by Linfield could see that he had checked his horse with a frown on his face. After that the girl only offered the least nod.

"Our best people, the Gates," said the only other neighbor that Linfield had—the man who brought the milk and provisions from the town, four miles away. "Real southern gentry, sir."

"Those brothers don't seem remarkably friendly," said the writer.
"Friendly!" echoed the other. "They haven't any friendship for strangers. Why, only last year there was a fellow down here from Nashville, staying with Colonel Jarrett. Miss Mary used to go past his gate and a sort of flirtation sprang up. She got talked about—you know country ways. The brothers came down with guns to shoot him up, but he got over the back fence a minute too quick for 'em. Jarrett and Gates haven't spoken since."

Evidently the Gateses were dangerous neighbors. Linfield was conscious of an increasing interest in Miss Mary. She was a type he had never met before, a primitive survival in these wilds. Next time she passed he drew her into conversation. In the midst of it hoofs were heard, and instinctively the girl darted into the shelter of a high privet hedge, leaving Linfield staring foolishly into the face of the rider as he came past.

Stolen interviews are proverbially sweet, and not many days had passed before both were conscious of their dawning love. But when Linfield hinted at an invitation to the house Mary showed every sign of terror.

"I had a friend last year," she said



"What Do You Think of This, Mary?"

trémulously. "He was only a friend—he lived here—and Jim and Bob threatened to shoot him. Some busy-body saw us talking. Colonel Jarrett and father haven't spoken since. You see, we are very formal in this district. If only we were friendly with the colonel, and he could introduce you—"

The thud of feet against his door startled Linfield out of his sleep. He struck a match and lit his oil lamp. The blows were redoubled. Outside were threatening voices.

Linfield opened the door. A rush of men bore him to the ground. In a trice he was bound, limp and helpless, and staring up into the faces of the Gates men.

"Get his clothes on, Bob," said one of them.
Ten minutes later, having been unbound and dressed, Linfield was conducted at pistol point into the road, where, fastened to a horse's bridle, he was made to jog over the ruts and stones until the Gates house was reached. The captors led him into the huge hall.

There stood Mary and an old man with a long beard, whom Linfield guessed to be her father. And a little apart, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, stood a man in clerical costume.

"We've got him, dad," said one of the men.
The old man turned to Linfield, and his hands shook with passion as he spoke.

"We've caught you this time, you infernal scoundrel," he shouted. "Thought you'd eluded us last year, didn't you? In these parts, when a man gets a woman talked about—"

"Father," cried Mary in agonized tones, "I tell you this isn't—"

"Silence!" roared the old man. "When he gets her talked about he dies like the dog he is or—"

"Marries her!" yelled the young men in chorus.
"Make your choice and make it quick!" said Major Gates.
Linfield lifted his eyes toward the blushing girl. If they had said hell or heaven he would have felt much as he did then. "I'll marry her," he said.

"Parson, you may proceed," said the major to the clergyman.

Five minutes later he gripped Linfield's hand between his own.
"My boy," he said, "family relationships are hard things to come by sometimes, but, once made, we hold them in this part of the country."
There were tears in his eyes as he clasped his daughter in his arms.
"What do you think of this, Mary?" asked her husband, reading the above.
"I think it's the stupidest story I've ever read," answered Linfield's wife.
"And you've actually used our names."
"I have to, dear, according to the rules of the competition," replied her husband.

"Competition, my dear?"
"Yes. The 'Ladies' Fireside Companion' is offering 20 prizes of a thousand dollars apiece, you know, for the best description of 'How I Met My Wife.' Don't you think this ought to have a chance?"

"Well," said his wife thoughtfully. "It's got sentiment, and it's got atmosphere. But don't you think it is a little improbable?"

"Not so improbable as the truth," answered Linfield. "Fancy, in a whole world full of people, that I should actually have met you that unforgettable morning in the subway?"

"I'm afraid we weren't introduced properly, dear," his wife answered. "Were we?"

"Well, you see, you didn't happen to have any brothers," said her husband, kissing her.
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NERVES ALWAYS SUFFER

No Matter What the Bodily Affliction, They Are Bound to Be Involved in the Trouble.

Almost every little or great ailment throughout your system affects your nerves, says a writer in the New York American. Your eyes and liver and lungs and stomach and heart and many other things throughout your system all "take it out" on the poor nerves if they happen to be a bit out of order themselves.

Recent discoveries show that 90 per cent. of nervous troubles are due to other disorders. Eye strain is one cause. Not only those who have to use their eyes constantly, like students and lapidaries and miniature artists and engravers, but city folks who live and work where their vision is restricted, are all sufferers from nervous troubles, more or less.

The eye wants to get exercise as well as muscles. Living in narrow streets and gazing out across little alleys against brick walls, rushing into narrow cars and hurrying into small rooms, all keep the vision down to narrow limits and pretty soon eye strain sets in and this brings on nervous trouble.

And one of the peculiarities of this is that many people will not notice that they have eye strain because the nervous disorders that result will be so much worse than the cause. Eye strain is much less common in the country.

Working in a stooping position, curving the spine, brings pressure on the tiny blood vessels, and this in turn acts on the nerves.
"I get so nervous sitting still," one will say. As a matter of fact, the continual pressure on the spine reacts on the nerves. As sedentary occupations are more common to the cities there is more nervousness from this cause in cities.

Liver troubles bring on quick nervous disorders; city noises in time affect the ears and the nerves are again in for a siege of trouble. Not even at night or during sleep is there complete quiet in the city. Women become irritable because of excessive blood pressure, and again it is their nerves that suffer—also every one else about them is apt to suffer.

Valuable Antiquarian Find.
An antiquarian find has recently been made in the late of Oxn, a barren, sea-veered spot near Scalloway, Shetland. It is one of the most ancient and interesting gold ornaments ever found in Scotland. A crofter's son observed a brownish-yellow object protruding from a spot where turf had been taken for farm purposes. He picked it up and found it was a heavy, curiously-plated bracelet of rustle or rude make, and from its weight, seemingly gold. Recently it was shown to the schoolmistress of a neighboring district. She wrote the antiquarian society, describing the bracelet and suggesting purchase. An offer of \$100 was made, and at once, without further inquiry or advertisement, accepted by the holder, James Fullerton, Hamno Voe, Burra Isle. The bracelet now rests in special case and on special pedestal in Edinburgh museum.

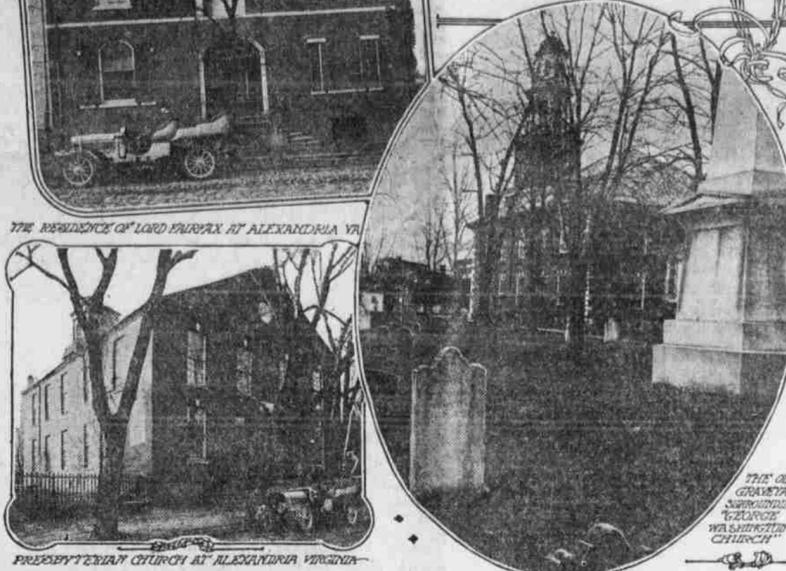
Father Had a Very Good Excuse.
A little girl from out of town was visiting a little Jamestown, Miss. Optimist says, and the visitor noticed that no one asked divine blessing before the meal was served. "My papa always asks the blessing before we eat," said the little visitor to her chum. "That's all right," quickly replied the little hostess, who was eager to defend her papa, "and my papa would, too, but he doesn't know any."—Kansas City Star.

Can You Find the Answer?
A farmer asked a blacksmith what he would charge to join five pieces of chain of three links each. The blacksmith answered, "A cent a cut, and a cent a weld." "Let me see," said the farmer, "that would be eight cents." "No, six," replied the blacksmith. It took the customer a long time to see how the two extra cents could be saved.—Youth's Companion.

A Common Quest.
"I say, my friend," called the motorist to the farmer, as he drew up alongside of the field. "I'm looking for a decent road to take me to Squigglesville."
"I'm dorned glad to hear it," replied the farmer. "Ef you happen to find it, stranger, send me a tellygram, will ye?"—Judge.

Conciliator.
Conciliator loses a man more friends and gains him more enemies than any other fable, perhaps vice, in the world. It takes him harsh to his inferiors and disrespectful to his betters.

TOWN WASHINGTON LOVED



THE RESIDENCE OF LORD FAIRFAX AT ALEXANDRIA, VA. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

WOMEN have done much at Alexandria, Va., to preserve the relics of the days of George Washington. It is not the capital of the nation, despite its name, that is richest in intimate associations with the life of the first president, but Alexandria, which stands midway between Mount Vernon and the city of Washington.

Alexandria played no small part in the formative years of Washington's youth and early manhood. A representative Virginia town, it stood then and for generations later for all that was best of colonial standards. Its people had much to do with the molding of Washington's character, and Washington richly repaid Alexandria, or Belle Haven as it was first called, by his never failing concern for its welfare and advancement.

Probably no surviving structure in Alexandria harbored Washington within its hospitable walls more frequently than the old Carlyle house, and certainly none was more directly associated with the foundation of the military side of his life. Strange as it may seem, for many years this historical landmark has been hidden away behind the battered front of Alexandria's once noted hotel, the Braddock house, occupying one corner of the inner courtyard, shut away from the public gaze and denied the outlook of the broad approach which it once enjoyed in the days of its well nigh baronial importance. Until a few years ago the Carlyle house was largely used as a storage place by a local dealer in colonial antiques, but a few patriotic Virginia women saved the building from further indignity, though not entirely from danger, as the old furniture found a new abiding place within the still more inflammable Braddock house, adjoining.

In 1733 John S. Carlyle imported from the Isle of Wight the stone of which the house is built, and he absorbed for part of the foundation a portion of an old fort which had been built many years before for the protection of the English traders at Hunting Creek, as the place was then known, against the Indians. The barracks of that ancient defense became the cellar of the Carlyle house, and in those cool, dark, dry retreats were stored in Washington's day the bulging casks, cob-webbed bottles, and delicious old hams for which Virginia has long been noted.

Another part of the old fort forms the piazza at the rear of the house upon which the broad central hallway opens. It was upon this piazza, in the far away days, that the Carlyles and their guests gathered on summer evenings to discuss the questions of the time or to pass the hours chatting over a heartsome glass amid the soothing smoke of the fragrant Oronoko. It was there the young people watched the moon rise over the river and took their pleasures in the decorous manner of those days.

Then, the gardens ran down to the river's bank and overlooked the docks at which the trading craft were moored—trading craft that came from over

the seas to barter the silks and riches of the east and the tropic abundance of the West Indies in return for the famous tobacco with which Alexandria's one big warehouse was filled. That was a period of bounteous hospitality and courtly grace.

On the right of the broad hallway is the large drawing room. In Washington's day it was finished in gold and white, and there on many occasions he took an active part in ball and festivity and led many a fair Virginian through the stately steps of the minut and the less exacting reel. The hallway itself, if tradition be correct, is not without its sentimental interest, for it was at the foot of the beautiful staircase of solid mahogany that Washington awaited the coming of the lovely Sally Fairfax upon a particular evening and while escorting her into the ballroom offered her his heart, which she rejected.

On the opposite side of this same hall is the blue and white room, which was John Carlyle's particular retreat. Within that room Washington received his commission as a member of General Braddock's staff in 1755. What that meant to Washington we can only partly divine, but there is no doubt of its significance to an 18th-century soldier of what it taught him of the fighting ways of the British soldier.

From the broad portico of Mount Vernon Washington saw Braddock arrive with his transports and his regiments of red coated soldiery and pass onward to Alexandria, nine miles above, coming with the splendid traditions of the king's troops and with all the martial fanfare of regulars. As a leader of the local provincial troops Washington had won for himself a creditable name, but here were soldiers supposedly of sterner stuff and higher military capabilities.

General Braddock promptly accepted the hospitable invitation of John Carlyle and established his headquarters under the roof of that gracious host, the little blue and white room being planned the preparations for that memorable but ill fated campaign against the Indians, Washington's previous experience as a leader of local troops against the savages made him welcome at those conferences and his keen judgment and practical advice earned for him Braddock's admiration and the invitation to serve upon the British general's staff. It is enough to add that in the trying work that followed the British records testify that "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers," and Washington came out of the strife unscathed and ripe for the far more serious task that lay ahead of him.

The architectural student will find much to interest him and to warrant study in the Carlyle house. The old windows, the doorways, the primitive cupboards, chairboards, doorsteps, cornices, moldings, etc., are exquisite in taste and rich in quaintness and elegance of detail. There they are as they were in Washington's time, and in common with the rest of the mansion are regarded as among the best specimens of the so-called colonial style.

In February, 1752, a market was instituted in Alexandria and the citizens were justly proud of their enterprise. The market place then lay directly in front of the approach to the Carlyle house and that same mart of country produce was intimately identified with Washington's domestic life at Mount Vernon and was one other means of displaying his common sense. We of today know but little of the hardships of that colonial period, and feasting was not always as abundant as the story book would have it. Rev. Mr. Weems, that chatty chronicler of the times, tells us that Alexandria then boasted more rightly of its beauty than its means of charming the palate.

"The neighborhood of Belle Haven was not a desert; on the contrary it was in many places a garden spot, abounding with luxuries. But its inhabitants, the wealthy, were not wise. By the successful culture of tobacco they had money. And having filled their coach houses with gilt carriages and their dining rooms with gilt glasses they began to look down upon the poorer sort and to talk about families."

"Of course it would never do for such great people to run market carts! Hence the poor Belle Havenites, though embosomed in plenty, were often in danger of gnawing their nails. And unless they could cater a lamb from some good natured 'cracker' or a leash of chickens from the Sunday negroes were obliged to sit down with long faces to a half graced dinner of salt meat and journey cake."

"This was the order of the day, A. D. '59, when Washington, just married to the wealthy young widow Custis, had settled at Mount Vernon, nine miles below Belle Haven. The unpleasant situation of the families at that place soon reached his ears. To a man of his character, with too much spirit to follow a bad example when he had the power to set a good one and too much wit to look for happiness anywhere but in his own bosom, it could not long be questionable what part he had to act.

"A market cart was instantly constructed, and regularly three times a week sent off to Belle Haven filled with nice roasters, kidney covered lamb and veal, green peas, fat ducks and gobblers, chickens by the basket, fresh butter, new laid eggs, vegetables and fruits of all sorts. Country gentlemen dining with their friends in town very soon remarked the welcome change in diet. 'Bless us all,' exclaimed they, 'what's the meaning of this? You invited us to family fare, and here you have given us a lord mayor's feast.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'thank God for sending a Colonel Washington into our neighborhood.'"

Cut Off.
The world is well aware that a stern kaiser has forbidden his officers to dance the tango or to go to tango parties. They say that a young lieutenant met a friend in the streets of Berlin the other day and embraced him with fervor.
"I'm dying of loneliness!" said the lieutenant.
"What!" said the friend, "lonely in Berlin!"
"Just that," returned the other. "You can't go to anybody's house any more. They all dance the tango."—New York Evening Post.

Jefferon McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.
(The other reporters listen in awe-struck silence.)
The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devoy? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday? What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since now? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Dinner?

ner? You're extremely kind. At Sherry's? What? And a bottle? (Surging interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday at eight. But really I—
City Editor (in his everyday voice)—I have some work here, McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning.—Puck.

Dangerous Mistake.
A hobby is all right, as long as you don't mistake it for a principle.

Willing to Suffer.
Loulse had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Sunday dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment, she said:
"Well, give me another piece and send for the doctor."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Milliner's Worry.
The Milliner—Run fast, boy! Get that delivered before it's out of style.—Life.

Factless.
I say, you with my first husband on the street yesterday, Mr. Singleton.
"Yes, Mrs. O'ftwad."
"By the way, did he say anything about me?"
"Not a word. We were just having a pleasant little chat, you know."

HAD THE STAFF GUESSING
New Reporter's Monumental Bluff Almost Deserved to Succeed, But He Overlooked One Point.
The New Reporter (going to the telephone and ostentatiously starting the machinery)—Hello, central! Let me have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You giddy little thing! No, I said twenty-seven. Twenty-seven—Hello! Is that 2745 C? Is Mr. Sawgertees Devoy in the office? Will you tell him that Mr.

moment's notice. With such speed do they get ready to start that often they arrive on the scene before the hospital ambulance.
Many lives have been saved by this almost instantaneous response to a hurried call for help. There is much that the nurse can do before the ambulance comes, and not infrequently these few moments mean the saving of life.
Each nurse wears a plain dark costume. There is a short skirt, a simple blouse, with white turnover linen collar, and a dark peaked cap with a triangle of stiff white linen in front. The nurse carries her small outfit strapped under the saddle of her bicycle.

BICYCLE NURSE IS LATEST
So Well Drilled Is This Berlin Corps They Often Beat the Hospital Ambulance.
The bicycle nurse is the most recent addition to the city hospital corps in Germany. The idea originated in Berlin.
In that city women nurses are given bicycles, and now a corps of these highly trained and drilled women is sent to the scene of any accident at a

COOKING TERMS MADE PLAIN

With These Thoroughly in Mind the Housekeeper Will Have Complete Understanding of Recipes.

Different terms are properly used for different methods of combining ingredients in cooking, as any one who has handled a cook book very much must know. But every one who has tried to cook does not know just what these various terms signify. Stirring is one thing, beating is another, folding and cutting are yet others—that we all know. But what are they?

Stirring is effected with a circular motion, widening from the center. That is the technical description. Folding is the term applied to the motion which prevents the air already enclosed from escaping and at the same time mixes the ingredients concerned. It is this motion which must be used when whipped cream, beaten egg whites and other light and beaten ingredients are mixed together or with more solid masses.

Keep the meaning of these terms in mind when you cook according to a recipe. Remember that an ordinary cake you stir and beat. An omelet you beat and fold, and you do the same thing to a sponge cake.

Cutting is the lightest sort of mixing—hardly mixing at all. Shortening is sometimes cut into flour with a knife. But the shortening and flour cannot be mixed completely by cutting.

IN THE MATTER OF FLOUR

Important Thing to Know, Since So Much Depends on the Quality of This Staple.

Perfect flour has a slight yellow tinge and a faint, pleasant smell, especially after wetting. Dazzling whiteness indicates bleaching; a gray tinge or minute black specks, showing only under the microscope, grinding from spoiled grain. Test by gripping a handful—if it remains the shape of the hand and shows the lines of the palm, buy it. Gluten is a most desirable element. Test for it by wetting a pinch to a stiff dough, and washing the starch out of it in cold water. The greater and tougher the stringy residue the greater the gluten content.

Wet another pinch very soft, take it betwixt thumb and finger, and try to spin a thread. If it spins it is right; if it does not, but makes only blobs on the finger tips, there is likely to have been corn ground with the wheat. Another test for corn mixture is to dry a pinch, but not search it, and rub between the fingers. Pure wheat flour will not feel gritty, but corn, no matter how finely ground, remains a little rough.

Set flour barrels a little above the floor, and do not use the same one continuously. Any wooden container may become a harbor for insects. A japanned tin can, emptied and aired monthly, is best for keeping flour, moist or oatmeal in bulk. All should be kept where it is dry, airy and free of smells, as all take up taints very readily.

Tea Ring.
Method—Use part of the dough and place on well-floured board. Now pat and work it lightly, dipping the hands into flour until stiff enough to handle. With floured rolling pin put into a flat sheet, brush with melted butter, strew sugar and chopped almonds over, then roll like a jelly roll. Grease a large flat tin, place a greased empty baking powder can in center and slip the ring around. When light, flour a dull pair of scissors, snip the ring two inches apart, from outer edge to center, now turn each section on edge, like a star. Bake in briar oven, reducing the heat after awhile. When nearly done brush with icing made of confectioners' sugar rubbed smooth with hot water, strew chopped almonds over and place

New Upholsterings.
Among the materials for upholstery are a lot of new Puritan prints. These are new in texture, in design, in colorings and color harmony shadings. One called "fantasy," shows a well covered floral pattern allover, with fluttering birds between, splendid color harmony and exquisite shadings. A new printed linen in Riverlin design, and mercerized rep in diadem and festoon designs, are unusually attractive, while Aurora and other new subjects on Bedouin cloth show to exceptional advantage.

French and Fruit Creams.
French Cream—Break into bowl white of egg, add equal amount of water, stir into it confectioners' sugar and mold into shape. Then set aside to dry on plates of waxed paper.
Fruit Cream—Seeded raisins, fig, citron or currants chopped fine, may be mixed with French cream before all the sugar is added. Press into cake an inch thick and cut into cubes. Chopped nuts are very nice. English walnuts with cream between, too.—Errad.

Dry in the Shade.
While it is well to dry all stockings out of the sun, this is particularly true of black stockings. Another precaution to take so that hosiery will not lose the quality of its black is to add a little vinegar to the water in which they are rinsed—a teaspoonful to a quart of water is the right proportion. It is well, after the stockings are dry, to shape them with the hand but not to iron them.

When Peeling Apples.
When peeling apples if boiling water is poured over them first the skins will come off more easily.

His Only Chance.
The man who has never become sufficiently important to lift a first shovelful of earth or lay a corner stone or drive a last spike may as well try to become reconciled to the fact that prosperity will have to honor him, if he is to be honored.

How It Happened.
"How did you ever happen to pick out such a dismal place as the Mammoth Cave in which to spend your honeymoon?"
"You see, our parents objected, and we were both anxious to keep it dark."

Remarkable.
"Chiggworth admits that he gets seasick every time he happens to be on a boat in rough weather."
"Remarkable!"
"What is remarkable about it?"
"That he admits it."

Voice of the Skeptic.
"What a liar Bankhead is."
"Why do you say that?"
"He has just got home after having been away on a four weeks' trip with his wife and three children, and he claims that he enjoyed himself."

Didn't Get It.
"So you think you are entitled to a raise of salary?"
"Yes, sir. I am always the first one here in the morning and the last to leave at night."
"Oh, that's no argument. I happen to know that your home life is unhappy."
Envious.
Deeply loving, and glad at heart. He goes his way, faithfully doing his ordered part From day to day.
Gladly trusting and satisfied. He does not moan. If others have greater cause for pride Than his is own.
Pity him if you please because His place is poor. But never a luckier mortal was; His faith is sure.

Down and Out.
"I shall not permit you," he declared, "to trample on my love with impunity."
"I shall not do it," she saucily replied, for she had just been invited to go to dinner with the son of a Pittsburgh millionaire. "When I trample on your love I shall do it with my feet."
Might Have Expected It.
"My wife belongs to all the anti-crucially societies there are. She believes that kindness will accomplish anything. It would pain her to even harm a fly. In fact, she once tried to write an essay on sticky flypaper."
"What happened?"
"She got stuck on the first sentence."

The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

DAY BY DAY

Grow a little every day. Seek to learn a little more; Put some long-used fault away. Know some truth unknown before.



Every day add something new. To the skill that is your own—something that may bring to you. Hope when other hopes are flown.



Every day some praise remove. That has tainted your strength; Add some virtue that will prove. Worthy of its cost, at length.



Make some progress every day. Take at least one step ahead; Men may linger by the way. Only when their hopes are dead.

The Same Old Story.
"It's curious how habits fasten themselves on people. You know Wappesley?"
"Yes."
"He's an enthusiastic fisherman, and always has a story to tell about some gigantic monster of the deep that he's almost caught."
"I've heard him tell a lot of lies of that kind."
"Well, it seems that burglars broke into his house the other night and he got up and captured one of them—a little fellow—but you ought to hear him tell about the size of the one that got away."

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A Mean Man.
"Does your husband turn his salary over to you?"
"Yes," she sadly replied.
"Then why are you so downhearted?"
"Oh, it doesn't do any good. He often makes a few dollars extra which he spends for his own pleasure without letting me know about it."

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